

B. Naylor & Co
from
JH

4804 anal. 3

1-6.

THE
D E A T H
O F
EUPHEMIA MITCHELL.



T H E
D E A T H
O F
EUPHEMIA MITCHELL,
IMPROVED IN A
L E T T E R
T O A
Y O U N G F R I E N D.

B Y
JOHN STANFORD, M. A.

He shall feed his flock like a SHEPHERD; he shall gather the LAMBS with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

ISAIAH xl. 11.

N E W - Y O R K :
PRINTED BY THOMAS AND JAMES SWORDS,
No. 27, WILLIAM STREET.

—1792.—



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letter was written, and printed, on the earnest request of the Friends of EUPHEMIA, and was introduced into several periodical Publications in England.— On the solicitation of American Friends, and a wish to promote the VIRTUE AND HAPPINESS OF YOUTH, it is again presented to the Public.

J. S.

New-York, }
Sept. 24, 1792. }

THE ART OF HAPPINESS

CHAPTER I. THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

It is the greatest of all arts, the art of being happy. It is the art of making the most of the life we are given, of finding joy in the simplest of things, of being content with what we have, and of being kind to others. It is the art of being true to ourselves, of following our own path, and of being brave enough to face the world as it is. It is the art of being happy in the face of adversity, of finding strength in our own hearts, and of being able to laugh at our own mistakes. It is the art of being happy in the company of others, of being able to love and be loved, and of being able to share our happiness with those who are less fortunate than we are. It is the art of being happy in the face of death, of being able to let go of our fears, and of being able to face the unknown with a calm and steady hand. It is the art of being happy in the face of all that life has to offer, of being able to find joy in the simplest of things, and of being able to be content with what we have.

EUPHRAZIA

T H E
D E A T H
O F
EUPHEMIA MITCHELL.

THAT affection I bear you, forbids my withholding any thing that may be likely to afford you the least spiritual advantage. I have lately visited the death-bed of one who was in the bloom of youth; to whom the Lord manifested himself in richest mercy. With pleasure I therefore take up my pen, to give you a recital of this singular instance of grace, wishing God may make it instrumental in leading you to the enjoyment of that adorable Jesus, who is the fountain of all happiness.

EUPHEMIA

EUPHEMIA was a young lady of an amiable disposition,—dutiful to her parents, and courteous to her acquaintance. She had the privilege of a religious education, and constantly attended the service of God in his sanctuary.

ON Friday, September 26, 1783, she caught a violent cold, which was soon followed by a fever; and, on the ensuing Monday, she was confined to her bed. But however severe the affliction was to her, or affecting to her friends, God, whose wisdom is infinite, knew what was best for her and his own glory.—He made her bed in her sickness, and prepared her, almost instantaneously, for his abode above. It pleased the Lord to impress her mind with a sense of sin; which was succeeded by a solemn apprehension of a future state. Thoughts like these, she confessed, she never had before; notwithstanding the many sermons she had heard, and the repeated admonitions of an affectionate parent.

IN

IN the afternoon, the scorching heat of the fever drinking up her blood, led her to think of the torments of the wicked in hell. This threw her into inexpressible agonies, crying out, in a most expressive manner, "*I shall die, and not live, and hell must be my portion. Now I know what it is to be tormented with heat; and if I can feel so much on earth, what must those torments be which await the wicked!*"—Her cries induced a person present to ask her, Why she thought she should die, and enter a place of misery? To which she replied, "*I have frequented the house of God—heard his word—joined in prayer—and sung his praises, without a thought of Christ, or a desire to seek after him. From these things I conclude I am an hypocrite in God's sight, and all I ever said, or did, must be an abomination unto him, and therefore expect no mercy will be shewn me!*" She was then asked if she could pray? To which she answered, "*I cannot; but let my mother pray for me.*" Her request being compli-
ed

ed with, she appeared somewhat composed, and was observed to pray within herself. Shortly after, a person asked her, How her mind was? To which she answered, "*I have told the Lord what a sinful creature I am, and prayed he would look upon me, shew me mercy, and cleanse me from my sins; and he said unto me in his word, I WILL, BE THOU CLEAN, Luke xv. 13. and now my distress is all gone, and none but Jesus could have removed the terrors, and calmed the anguish of my soul!*" After this she conversed freely with those around her, exhorting them to seek the Lord, praying the Lord to pardon their sins, and put them among his children.

THE Lord having favoured EUPHEMIA with a discovery of the pardon of her sin, and made known his sacred delights to her heart, he was pleased to permit the enemy to try her. A dark cloud overspread her mind, and her confidence began to shake. Temptations poured in forcibly, inducing her

her to question the reality of her former enjoyments, and fear lest she should die, and perish in her sins. But, the good Shepherd, having his eye upon the suffering Lamb, permitted her adversary to distress her, purposely to make her sensible of the necessity of his gracious interposition, and then to "gather her with his arm, and "carry her in his bosom."—By his smiles, he banished her fears, and with his love he delighted her heart; so that with holy reverence and joy she exclaimed, "MY BE-LOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS; *now I can rest on his promise, which I know can never be broken; he will never leave me, no, nor ever forsake me.*" Such an intercourse was opened between God and her spirit, as seemed for a season to absorb the very pains of her body. At midnight she repeated the following lines with great fervour and devotion:—

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,

I love to hear of Thee;

No music like thy charming name,

Nor half so sweet can be!

O may

O may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak ;
And in my Priest will I rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedec.

My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay,
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay,
When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

FRIDAY, October 3, I made EUPHEMIA a visit. Being admitted to her apartment, I drew near her bed. Death had so far advanced, as to impress his image on her countenance ; and he apparently stood waiting for the arrival of the solemn moment, to clasp her in his arms ! After asking her how she was, I told her, it was a serious thing to lie on a sick-bed ; and that it was my sincere desire, that the Lord would sanctify her affliction, and make her a monument of his mercy. She replied, "*The Lord*

Lord has been very gracious to me, and I can bless him for what he hath done for me."

This gave me an opportunity to ask her, what she thought the Lord had done for her? She looked upon me, and, with a smile, said, "SIR, *my God has wrought a great salvation for me; and now gives me the comfort of it.—This, SIR, is my support and joy! O Lord, my Lord, what hast thou done for me! O, my God, help me to love thee, and praise thee.*"—Here her strength failed; but in a few minutes her spirits reviving; I took the opportunity of asking her, what she saw in Jesus, that so engaged her attention, and delighted her heart? With great solemnity and earnestness she said, "*I see every thing in him that is lovely, and every thing to satisfy my wants.*"

FROM this answer, I do not know I ever felt more surprize, or was ever more humbled. I could not but reflect on my own situation, and ask myself, whether I could take such believing views of Christ, and

B

with

with this child rejoice in that glorious provision he possesses, for his necessitous people? What strong consolation must such experience afford, in the view of an opening grave!

I THEN asked her, if she thought she should be restored to health, or if this sickness would be unto death? To which she answered, "*I do not know; but it is as the Lord shall please.*" I repeated that question; adding a few general considerations, which frequently have a great tendency on the minds of youth, to desire life, rather than death. But she said, "*I have no choice; I am, my dear Sir, ready to go, if my Lord——my Jesus, please to call; and I am willing to stay, if my Lord please. All I wish is, that the Lord may help me to glorify him, either in life or in death. Yes, Sir, I can say, 'Jesus, take the purchase of thy blood.'*"

FROM this delightful testimony of her faith in the Lord, I could not but congratulate

tulate her on the possession of such an unspeakable blessing. Happy indeed are you, my dear child; O how rich the mercy of God towards you! What are all things here below, when compared with those above! Here are sin, sorrow, darkness, and death—there are delights, triumphs, and glories, which never, never shall have an end. What is death, and the prospect of the grave, when compared with the hope of everlasting life, in the enjoyment of the King of Glory?—Here she interrupted me, by confessing her delight and confidence in the Lord.—“*Yes, SIR,*” said she, “*I know that my REDEEMER liveth: and though I go down to the grave, and worms destroy my body; yet I shall see my Jesus, my Lord, and my God, in the last and great day.—Then will he own my worthless name, and take me to himself, to be for ever with him; yes——*”

“*There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,*

“*In Heav’n’s unmeasured space,*

“*I’ll spend a long eternity*

“*In pleasure and in praise.”*

HER spirits appearing to be nearly exhausted, I thought prudent to put an end to this visit; I joined in prayer with her, and took my leave, promising her a second visit.

ON Saturday evening I made her another visit, in company with a neighbouring minister. Her disorder was much increased, and the physician gave up all hope of her recovery. The minister conversed with her on important things, but her spirits were exceeding low;—though not so low as to prevent her speaking of the Lord's loving kindness to her. The minister prayed with her, and we took our leave; but as I was going out of the chamber, she requested me to return. She enquired of me who the minister was; and, after expressing her good wishes for him, she took her hand from under the bed-clothes, and stretched it forth for me to embrace. “*My dear SIR,*” said she, “*farewell!—I shall not see you again in this life,*
but

but we shall see each other above, and then we shall never, never part; and there we shall love and praise JESUS, as we desire to do here.—The LORD be with you—God bless you!” This parting affected me exceedingly. The impression it made on my mind was exceeding great;—so great, that I sincerely wish it may abide with me, as a memento of my own departure.

ON Lord's day her strength visibly declined. She was visited by a minister, but was not able to converse much. Her heart seemed fixed on the object of her joy, Christ Jesus; and at intervals, would commend his person, and speak of his love.

ON Monday morning, October 6th, it was very perceivable she drew near her end. She was not insensible of it herself; and was heard to pray for grace to strengthen her in her passage to glory. In the evening, Death made a very speedy and visible approach. Being asked if she

still held her confidence in the Lord; she was found speechless; but made a significant token with her hand, that JESUS WAS HER ALL. She lay till seven o'clock that evening, and then breathed her last, in the bosom of her good and kind Shepherd—
—AGED THIRTEEN YEARS AND SEVEN MONTHS.

THUS, my young Friend, have I given you a recital of this instance of divine goodness to EUPHEMIA; and hope the reading of it has been attended with some serious reflections in your own breast. Permit me now to ask, what *you* think of a dying moment? Does not this account, united with innumerable instances of mortality around you, indicate, that you also must die?—EUPHEMIA, but three days before her illness, attended my lecture; and, had I been asked, who among the assembly was most likely to be the first that should enter the shades of death, I should most certainly have concluded that young lady not to have
been

been the person. You, therefore, are not secure from the shafts of death:—

“ When nature’s foe receives the dire command,

“ None can elude or stay the tyrant’s hand.”

No; the blooming YOUTH is no more to Death than the AGED, whose silver locks bend toward the grave. But, admitting you do possess serious thoughts of Death, and expect his approach in the space of a few days, and had invited me to take a last farewell—do you think you could part with me as did EUPHEMIA? Are you possessed of such affections for the Saviour? and do you experience such hopes of a glorious immortality? If so, happy are you. Nevertheless, when I consider the temptations of Satan, and the deceitfulness of sin; the follies of youth, and the snares of the world; I cannot but intreat you, seriously to examine your breast, and scrutinize your conduct, lest you be deceived. To die without Christ, O how distressing the thought!

thought! how fatal the consequences!—Were we admitted to the chamber of a dying youth, in such circumstances, we could not but tremble and weep. Behold him extended on his dying-bed, while his tender parents, bathed in tears, wait his solemn departure. All pale and wan, the unhappy youth lifts his eyes to heaven, and, in mournful accents, confesses the follies of his life, and the misery of his state. “Ah! how have I abused the means of grace, and rejected the counsel of the most High!—How oft have I ridiculed the message of salvation, and stifled the convictions of my conscience!—How oft have I withstood the remonstrances of friends, and attempted to put off the evil day! But God in justice has cut my days short, and I go down to the silent tomb.” Here the tears gush from his eyes, and he for a while lies speechless. In vain his attendants strive to alleviate the distresses of his mind, or support him in the view of death and the grave. The arrows of the
Almighty

Almighty stick fast in his soul, and his innumerable follies, transgressions and sins, are set in order before him. At last, nature musters all her force, and the wretched youth once more lifts his head, and cries, "Alas! unhappy me!—I go—I go the way of all flesh. The King of Terrors stands with the summons, and his dart, to execute the decree of heaven. In a little while, this, my body, will moulder in the grave, and my spirit return to God who gave it. O my soul! whither art thou flying?—Heaven thou hast forfeited, but misery thou hast merited. O my surrounding friends, no longer sin away your souls; but seek the Lord, lest death and judgment come upon you unawares." Here his voice fails—his eyes sink—he sighs—he groans—he dies!

How different this to EUPHEMIA's case! Her spirit was taken to bloom in Paradise with God! What therefore does my dear young friend think of death and judgment?

—I sincerely

22 THE DEATH OF EUPHEMIA MITCHELL.

—I sincerely wish the reading of these lines may be a mean, in the hand of God, to lead you from sin and folly, to the enjoyment of that Saviour who alone can crown you with immortality and glory.

I am, your's,

In much affection,

J. S.

HammerSmith, }
Dec. 20, 1783. }

E I N I S.



TO BE SOLD,
By ROBERT HODGE,

No. 11, *Water-Street*,

The Death of Euphemia Mitchell,

An Essay on the Law of God,

AND

Hymns for Youth.

BY

JOHN STANFORD, M. A.

TO BE SOLD

ROBERT HODGE

of the same

The Book of Popham's Mission

An Essay on the Law of God

AND
HARRISON

JOHN STANFORD

